

Consider It by twowritehands

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Jopper, Post-Series, Smut

Language: English

Characters: Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Will Byers

Relationships: Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-09-08

Updated: 2016-09-08

Packaged: 2022-03-31 22:55:13

Rating: Mature

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,852

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Joyce is prompted to take a break from Will's bedside and do something for herself. (Jim. She does Jim.)

Consider It

Joyce shouldered out of the hospital and immediately lit a cigarette. Even as the smoke filled her lungs, she knew she was going to have to cut back. Or quit. The doctors kept saying Will's lungs *might be* forever weakened from the toxins "the lab" had "made him inhale" in their "experiments" (they hadn't been told about extra dimensions with toxic atmospheres); and she knew on her own that secondhand smoke would only complicate his problem.

Digging through her purse for her keys, she crossed the wet pavement of the darkened parking lot; headed home. Jonathan would stay the night with Will. It was her turn to go home and get a shower and sleep in a real bed.

After two weeks of not arguing with her when she only showered at the house before coming straight back, Jonathan had been adamant this time that she actually stayed home in her bed tonight, and for the first time in two weeks she considered it. Will was doing better, laughing and complaining about boredom more than pain, and her back was killing her from sleeping in chairs.

She reached her car, and a tall dark figure there said, "Joyce."

Grabbing her heart, her cigarette fell from her lips and sizzled in the puddle at her feet. "HOP! Dammit!"

"Sorry, didn't mean to scare you," he said with a grin. He was out of uniform, but still wearing his hat. She was more delighted than she cared to admit to see his stern brow and strong jaw.

"What are you doing out here?"

"How's the kid?" he asked with a jut of his chin inside.

Joyce sighed. She couldn't blame him for not wanting to go in and see for himself. Hospitals were surely hotspots of painful memories for him. "Well, his sternum and one rib is broken from your CPR," she reported, "And one of his lungs still won't fully inflate. Other than that, he's my beautiful boy."

Hopper covered his eyes, "Sorry. That sounds painful. I didn't want to hurt him--I was just--"

"I'll take him broken over dead," she cut in and moved suddenly to hug Hopper around his fleshy middle. He made an *oof* sound and then chuckled, his massive arms settling around her. She felt small but in a good way.

"Two weeks, Hop," Joyce said against the flannel shirt peeking from the front of his fleece lined coat. "Where have you *been*?"

"Making sure this mess ends," he said darkly against the top of her head. His breath was warm in her hair.

"What's that mean?" she asked, looking up at him, but not letting him go.

He looked down at her, blue eyes dark with things she wasn't sure she wanted to know, "I'm handling it, Joyce."

"Please be careful," she said. "You kept this family together. If--"

His arms squeezed her, "You did that. You."

She scoffed. As if she would have broken into a military facility with *wire cutters*. She would have wanted to but... She also had more sense than that. She knew she was a hundred pounds dripping wet and couldn't throw a decent right hook even when her son's life depended on it. She would have gotten herself killed.

What really broke her heart was how close she'd been to giving up on Will before Hopper showed up on her doorstep with that little sign that said *don't say anything* to tell her about the conspiracy he was onto. If not for Hopper, she would have let Jonathan convince her that Will was dead, and she would have let Lonnie convince her she was crazy.

Joyce rested her head on Hopper's chest again rather than let him go. She couldn't just yet. Everything happened so fast after they got Will back, she hadn't seen any of Jim Hopper since, but in the quiet hours of nights at the hospital, he had been on her thoughts a lot.

"Heading home for some rest?" he asked, still holding onto her.

"Yeah," she said and as her mind turned to thoughts of that half destroyed mess of a house, dread filled her gut. Since Will had been back, she had only set foot in there a handful of times and kept her showers short before heading right back out. The scent of gasoline, soot, and blood in her hallway did little to make her feel better about any of it.

"Jon told me the house is pretty banged up from everything," Hopper said.

"Yeah," she grimaced. Jonathan had ripped out the hallway carpet on his first return to the place, but it had hardly helped cut back the smell which had seeped into the floorboards. They would need replacing. Like the wall. And the wall paper. She sighed under the weight of all there was still to do.

"My place is closer," Hopper said softly. "And the smells aren't great but they're more human."

They laughed together. She lifted her head to look back up at him. His stark jaw and stern brow was so handsome she had to smile and squeeze just a little tighter. They had been holding onto each other against the car for several minutes now. Like teenagers. "Are you inviting me to stay with you?" she asked with a grin.

"I'm almost begging you," he whispered. Joyce gulped as he continued, "I know you need rest. I'm not after anything. I-- just--want... you to... consider. Me." He bunched his face up in this pained squinty expression as he stumbled through it. When she laughed he laughed too, shaking his head, "Christ, that was awful. I didn't realize I'd forgotten how to do this."

Jim Hopper could be cute as hell sometimes. She was reminded of the crush she'd had on him from sixth grade through tenth before his family had moved to the city. They'd learned how to flirt by practicing on each other. His moving away before anything more could come of the flirtation had been her first hard lesson that life simply was not fair.

"From what I hear, you've stayed in practice," she teased. Okay, it was more of a causal information hunt than a tease. A girl had to know.

He sucked air through his teeth like whiskey had hit an open wound, "To be fair, those women came at me and all I had to do was grunt like a cavemen to get them home."

Joyce laughed. *Well, then* ... "Caveman," she said all puffed up in her best first attempt at a cave woman voice, "You want share cave?"

He threw his head back and laughed. The music of it carried well through the night air, a full and warm sound. With her arms around him, Joyce felt the laughter coming from his gut. His huge hands closed around her face, and he kissed her.

She felt big and small at the same time; a feeling like wings giving a tiny bird the whole sky. She went to her toes so he wouldn't have to stoop so much, but he was still about six inches too tall. Their lips parted and his doofy glassy-eyed expression was enough to make Joyce giggle like a schoolgirl.

Hand in hand, they made their way to his Jeep and it was only after he had pulled out of the parking lot that Joyce gasped, "Wait! I have to tell Jonathan I won't be at the house. That's where he'll call if anything happens!"

Hopper took her hand. "We'll call the room when we get there and make sure Jon has my number. Okay?"

Joyce blushed, "I can't tell him I'm staying with you."

"Joyce," Hopper grinned. "He's not a kid. And Will doesn't have to know." She relented with a sigh.

Hopper's trailer was less than a ten minute drive. He hadn't been kidding about the smell, which was a potent blend of man and cigarette smoke, but she rather liked it. Better than charred Demogorgon.

The couch was duct taped together and when she asked, Hopper confessed to his thorough sweep for bugs. She sat on the tacky

chrome tape and picked up his phone. Jonathan answered on the first ring, "Hey, Mom."

"Yeah, it's me" she said with a smile at how Jonathan had predicted her call, "How is he? Is he okay?"

She could hear the smile in her son's voice, " Yes. He's drawing. He says hi and to stay there and go to sleep."

Filled with love, Joyce smiled, "Okay, tell him I promise I will. But, um, I'm calling to let you know that if *anything* happens--"

"Call you, *I know* ," Jonathan broke in with a laugh, "Mom, stop worrying so much. He's getting better."

"I know, I know," she said and felt stupid because she didn't know how she was going to say this, "But, if anything does, don't call the house. I'm not there," Hating to have to say it to her overly perceptive firstborn, Joyce pressed on her eyes with a sigh, "Chief Hopper is letting me stay at his place, since ours is such a mess. You know me, I'll rest better away from all of that."

"Oh, okay," Jonathan said and his little grin crept into his voice. He knew.

" *Don't* say anything to Will!" she ordered firmly. "It's just. It's nothing. He doesn't need to think-- I don't know. It's just--" Hopper chuckled from across the room, laughing at her, and she puffed out a breath of frustration, "It's *nothing* for either of you to worry about. Okay?"

"Yes, ma'am," Jonathan said, still grinning.

"God, Jonathan," she covered her eyes, wishing her son wasn't so... observant.

"Mom?" he said, "Get some rest and do something for yourself. Okay?"

Her eyes actually pricked with tears, "Okay, I will, baby."

She hung up. Hopper had come to rest against the wall beside the

bathroom, grinning at her from over there. "Was that so bad?"

She rolled her eyes and stood, poking Hopper in the gut on the way through to the bathroom. He showed her how the shower worked--the knobs were reversed and there was a trick to make the shower head stay on--and then he arranged for her to sleep in some of his soft things while he put hers in the washer, since she hadn't brought a change of clothes.

His undershirt and gym pants absolutely swamped her. She had to roll the cuffs about twelve times, but they were worn and soft and smelled like him. She buried her nose in the shirt and inhaled deeply on her way to the bedroom.

Hopper saw her and grinned. "You look beat."

"I am," she pouted, climbing onto the bed beside him. She sighed in absolute bliss. "Oh, this mattress is comfy."

A low chuckle and he smacked his lips, started to say something and changed his mind, saying instead, "Close your eyes, Joyce. Sleep."

She made a sound of agreement, stretched and rolled onto her side, burying her nose in a pillow that smelled faintly of detergent. "Those hospital chairs were killing my back."

Hopper hummed knowingly, and Joyce could only imagine how many nights he passed at a hospital bed side. The mattress shifted and he kneaded the exact place that ached. Joyce hummed. "Oh yeah. A little harder."

He pressed her down on her belly and she folded her arms under her head as he went to his knees over the back of her thighs. Light fingers pushed up the baggy shirt and began a full back massage on her bare skin.

Never in her life had she ever gotten a massage--she didn't like strangers touching her and she certainly didn't like to superfluously spend money on pampering. As for lovers working for free, high school beau's (Hopper among them) hadn't ever been in a position to do it and then Lonnie never bothered and the list ended there.

As he worked, she couldn't help but to hum and groan out her pleasure. Hopper chuckled warmly but kept it professional, not pressing his crotch to her ass even once. She couldn't help but marvel at the difference between a fumbling boy and a steady handed man.

Once Hopper had worked the stubborn knots out, he simply ran his broad hands up and down her back. She hummed, at peace for the first time in three weeks--Hell, in three *years* . Sleep came over her swiftly and without her knowledge.

Next thing she knew, she woke suddenly but with no memory of what had broken her sleep. Her first thought was of Will and it disoriented her to find herself in a sun filled bedroom rather than at his side.

“Will!” she gasped, sitting up.

“Hm?” Hopper grunted awake and lumbered like a bear into an upright position. He rubbed at bleary eyes. “He’s fine, Joyce. The phone never rang.”

That wasn't good enough, so she scrambled down the hall and called the hospital. Though early, Will answered the phone. She could hear music and he sounded happy. “Hey mom!”

“You okay baby?”

“Yeah, yeah, I'm good. I can sit up and everything!”

“That's great honey, but don't over do it okay? Take it slow. Don't, don't wait until it hurts to lie back down, okay?”

“Okay, mom. Do you want to talk to Jonathan?”

“Yeah, put him on. Love you, sweetheart.”

“Love you,” Will said before passing the phone over.

“Have a good night, mom?”

“I slept very well, thank you,” she said primly. “Make sure Will doesn't over do it today, okay? And you--you rest too. I'm on my

way.”

“Don't rush or anything. Take the morning. We'll swap at lunch.”

“Are you sure?”

“We're having some quality brother time. It's a blast.”

Joyce grinned. “Okay. I'll be there with some deli sandwiches and the big pickles at noon.”

“Sounds great, mom. Love you.”

Jonathan hung up and Joyce sat the duct taped handset back in its cradle. A slow grin broke across her face and she bit her lip.

In the bedroom, Hopper had lain back down and fallen into a light doze. Joyce crawled up beside him and fit her body against his. His short hair was thicker than it looked, and his breathing changed at her first light scratch to his scalp. He rolled off his side, onto his back and Joyce oozed over on top of him. He peeked at her through slits for eyes. A smile curled one corner of his mouth. “You woke up feisty.”

“Me want caveman love,” she grunted. He woke all the way up as if the smile lifting his face had lifted him out of the abyss. He laughed, lowly; the sound swirled in his chest and throat. She went to her knees and pulled the baggy shirt over her head.

The blood visibly drained from Hopper's face as he took in the sight of her bare breasts. Then he grunted loudly, like an ape, which made Joyce snort and laugh as he manhandled her to the foot of the bed. Her nipples peeked beneath his velvet hands, the skin of her hips lifted in gooseflesh as he pulled the bottoms away in one swift tug. She wasted no time getting into his open jeans and made an echo grunt of approval at what she found. (That was one lingering curiosity cleared up.)

Grinning, he grunted again and pinned her hands to the bed. She fought the hold, but he grunted a louder, warning grunt with a playful spark in his eye, and held her fast. Joyce tried to wriggle free, couldn't, so stuck her tongue out at him. His serious caveman

expression flickered with amusement but he didn't break character.

Her pulse quickened as his hungry eyes raked over her, and, because her hands were pinned, she used her bendy legs and dexterous toes to push his jeans down. In doing so she spread her legs wide and he settled there, hot and hard. "Monkey woman," he grunted, with an approving sweep of his hand down her thigh. She threw her head back and did her best chimp impression.

Exploding with laughter, Hopper had to stop and drop his head to laugh it out and then, with a fierce growl, he returned to character--but only barely--and bit a kiss to her neck, fisted her hair.

One hand freed, she guided him inside of her and savored the stretch of his entry. It caught her breath and stole her voice. One fact burned in her mind: it had been *too long* .

"Hm, Joyce," his voice broke on her name as he moved in her. She arched into the thrust and cried out with pleasure. Every nerve in her body hummed. More. More. *Please* .

This. This was a necessity like food and water --how could she have starved herself for so long? Everyone was right, she needed to cut lose and be a little wild once in awhile. So she did. The real cavewoman emerged and Joyce totally forgot speech.

Hopper fell back under the power of this wild woman. He landed on his back and sort of just held on. His hips bucked, meeting her thrust for thrust. At one point, he reached up and clutched the wagging headboard. Joyce explored her own limits--one thing about spacing this stuff out was that preferences fell through the cracks and anything would do. But some primal part of her chased something specific this time. Something *big* .

In the past she had tried not to register the awkward *sounds* and had funneled her attention to the savory bits at the start and the end, blocking out the middle. But today, God knows why, she listened to it all like music; their erratic breathing, their bodies melding, the bed shaking. It was fire licking at her from beneath, spurring her higher.

He shook beneath her, growled like a bear, and pinned her again. She

fisted the sheets. He drove harder and faster, blue eyes locked on her face with lewd concentration. His jaw worked silently and her name formed once in a hoarse rasp, mindless. She raked his chest hair and caressed his jaw.

Her body curled into his and her throat closed so that she couldn't give a single warning. His thrusts became erratic. Her thighs quaked and her abdomen shuddered inside out as the climax rocketed through her, looping on itself again and again until she choked and gasped for breath. Her voice carried in a wail and she buried her face in the pillow until it was over. His final thrusts scraped her orgasm over more ground, lengthening it until they both fell still in each other's arms.

Her heart bruised itself against her chest plate. She tried to remember how to breathe when all she wanted to do was laugh with ecstasy. She pushed sweaty bangs out of her face. He pushed gentle kisses to her shoulder and neck, eased away, and stretched out on his back. She twisted onto her side and covered her chest with one arm, not one to lie naked anywhere. He rolled to face her and dropped one heavy leg over her with a smirk. "Woman good," he grunted.

Joyce laughed and blushed. "God. That was *fun*."

"I've never had this much fun," he whispered. His fingers twirled a lock of her hair. She leaned into it like a cat. He smiled and kissed her.

When the kisses ended, Joyce snuggled in close. They napped until lunch. Her things had been washed and dried the night before and she changed into them with a feeling of renewed vigor, a taste for life despite its hardships.

Dressed in his immaculate uniform under a winter coat, Hopper drove her back to the hospital, stopping in town at the local deli for sandwiches and Will's favorite big pickles. They were pulling into the hospital parking lot when the CB crackled to life and Flo's voice said, "Jim, they're here to talk to you again. Where are you?"

Jim swore and snagged the handset as Joyce frowned and asked, "Who?"

Ignoring her question, he told Flo, "I'm on my way in. Make them coffee and have them wait."

"They aren't happy, sir."

"Make them coffee, Flo. I'll be right in." he returned the handset to its cradle and parked the Jeep at the visitor's entrance, leaving the engine running.

Joyce had a bad feeling. "Jim, who are They and why do they need to talk to you?"

"Don't worry about it," he said.

"Is it to--to do with the lab?" she asked.

"Joyce--" he started.

--The state police? The government? Who is it, Hopper?"

He looked out the windshield, sighing with a shake of his head, "The least you know the better."

"Oh, God, Jim!" Joyce covered her mouth, horrified and then put a hand on her heart, "What are you *doing* ?"

With a harsh breath through his nose he grabbed her chin and kissed her, and then put their foreheads together, "Trust me, okay? I'm doing this for us." His gentle fingers pushed hair behind her ear.

Joyce breathed his breath, no longer feeling okay about the world, "Just--Don't--Just don't go and--" she stammered.

"I know what I'm doing," he whispered, thumbing her jaw, and then he pulled away. Clearing his throat, he jutted a chin toward the door, "Better go. I can't keep them waiting."

Joyce didn't like the sound of these mysterious men *at all*, but she couldn't exactly go with him and help like her heart insisted she do. She had her boys to look out for. She gathered up the deli bags and gave him one last look, "I'll see you soon, okay?"

Hopper lifted a corner of his mouth, some of that playful spark returning to his dark eyes, "You bet."

She watched the Jeep pull back onto the road, tailpipe coughing white exhaust into the cold afternoon air. Nurses greeted her as she headed to Will's room. She heard music and laughter before opening the door.

"Foood!" Will and Jonathan excitedly called together in low voices--rather like cave boys, which only made Joyce feel ridiculously happy.

Jonathan helped her set it all out on the bed trays. She could feel his eyes on her, "You look very pretty today, Mom."

"Yeah," Will said. "You don't look tired."

"I got decent sleep," she said and when Jonathan pushed hot breath through his nose in one of his knowing laughs, she wanted to kick his shin.

The topic moved on to other things swiftly enough and Joyce ate her sandwich in peace. Whatever Hopper was up to, she had to trust he could manage it as well as he had managed everything else. She already missed him terribly and worried for him. A part of her had wanted to force him to let her come along on his mysterious doings with these nefarious men, but it was for the best she stayed out of it.

He had work to do and she belonged here. For now.